WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

VOL. IV.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1806. No. 23.

PAULIN;

OR, THE

HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

(In Continuation)

JONAS felt perfectly that it would be imprudent to introduce himself abruptly to his father; and therefore he remained in the apartment of the jailer; and I ascended alone to the chamber of my friend, who appeared surprised to see me so soon. I was so troubled, that Captain Wilkes, who perceived it, asked me the cause of the agitation I was in. "My friend! heaven would not permit the error of your judges to remain undiscovered." "What do you say, M. Paulin? Pray explain what you say." "A crime which has just been committed on the person of Lord G***'s steward, has discovered the real murderer of Mrs. Hanowan."

I recited to Captain Wilkes what had passed, and prepared him for the introduction of his son.

Captain Wilkes received the news with that joy which distinguishes the philosopher from the common herd of men: he raised his eyes to heaven, saying, "Eternal Protector of the innocent! receive the vows of him whom it has pleased thy power to confound for a while among the guilty, and to open in the heart of the real criminal, a repentance, which has given him the courage to avow the crime with which I was charged."

He afterwards requested me to desire his son to walk up, which I hastened to do immediately. I can but feebly paint their interview. Jonas, on entering would kneel down at his father's feet; but he opposed it, pressing him closely to his breast. "*My father!*"—"My son!—were the only expressions which could escape by reason of their sobs.

Restored, and become more tranquil, we all three talked together with that intoxicating pleasure, the precursor of supreme felicity. We were obliged to leave Captain Wilkes; and Jonas, who could not sufficiently satisfy himself with the pleasure of seeing his father, would absolutely accompany me home, making me promise him not to go alone to the prison; proposing to come, and accompany me and Mr. Ridulph, and to go altogether, which I agreed to.

It is easy to conceive the pleasure I felt to see my worthy friend restored to life and honor: the aspiration of a heart penetrated with gratitude, never raised itself towards Heaven with more sincerity than mine; and my sleep was so much sweeter, as it was the only moment I had had without alarm since my arrival in London.

It was scarce seven o'clock, when Jonas entered my apartment, accompanied with the estimable Mr. Ridulph, who had passed the night in collecting all the documents which legally proved the innocence of his client. We repaired to the prison, and found Captain Wilkes with two officers, who came to inform him, that George Reading had confessed, that he alone was guilty of assassinating Mrs. Hanowan. Our surprise was extreme, when we learnt that this ill-fated youth was the son of the unfortunate Mrs. Hanowan: it was on the declaration of Honley, steward of Lord G***, that this mystery was unveiled. Honley, in his youth, had had this child by Mrs. Hanowan. The enmity that existed between their families, was an obstacle to their union: the child was baptized under the name of George Reading, and brought up secretly by the joint cares of Honley and Mrs. Hanowan. This monster, who was the assassin of the authors of his life, did not know them, but under the title of charitable persons, who had acted benevolently towards him. Born with violent and unruly passions, he abandoned himself, from childhood, to all the excesses of lewdness: an ungovernable gamester, frontless libertine, nothing was sacred with him. The

excessive indulgence of Mrs. Hanowan for this young man, was, without doubt, one of the principle causes of his aberrations; she had several times extricated him from unpleasant situations, into which his irregular conduct had brought him, and always by sacrifices of considerable sums. This unfortunate mother dared not publicly receive this unnatural son; and, since her connexion with Captain Wilkes, she took the greatest precautions to receive him in secret. George suspected his mother to be the mistress of Captain Wilkes, and knew the door of communication between the two apartments. He had many times introduced himself into those of the Captain, which gave him the facility of stealing the knife, the shirt, and two handkerchiefs. Furious with Mrs. Hanowan's reproaches on his conduct, and her explicit refusal to give him fifty guineas, which he would absolutely have; this monster conceived the horrid design of taking away her life. He pretended to go out of the apartment, and hid himself in an obscure closet, that served as a lumber-room for furniture. Arranging his horrid project, he undressed himself, and put on the Captain's shirt; took the knife in his hand, and entered Mrs. Hanowan's chamber, whose cries he interrupted by closing her mouth with one of the handkerchiefs, whilst he stabbed her. Mrs. Hanowan awaked on his first assault, and employed all her strength to free herself from the assassin: her cries were choaked; and it was in struggling with him, that she took him by the hair, and fell from the bed upon the floor. The noise of her fall awaked one of the female servants, who slept in an adjoining chamber. This girl attempted to open her mistress's room-door, and perceiving it was locked within, she hallooed out: her cries alarmed the miserable George, who seeing Mrs. Hanowan expire, and fearing to be surprised, stripped off the shirt, and left behind him the handkerchiefs and knife: he then dressed himself, and found the means, by an outlet from the closet, to escape out of the house without being perceived.

In the mean time, the poor servant, seeing that her mistress did not answer her, and that she could not enter her chamber, continued her cries, which drew together several neighbours, who forced the door. It was at this moment that Captain Wilkes, awaked by the noise, entered Mrs. Hanowan's chamber by the secret communication; and we already know that this horrid spectacle made him faint away, and that they carried him to his bed. It was during his swoon they found the fatal knife, the shirt, and two handkerchiefs. The officers having arrived, they received the declarations of the servant and neighbours, that Mrs. Hanowan's door was found locked within, and they had been obliged to force it open. This declaration, the knife, shirt, and two handkerchiefs, the hair, and the door of communication, concurred together to make the Captain vehemently suspected: the terrible consequences have been already told, that these dreadful presumptions united, formed the ground-work of condemnation against Captain Wilkes. Mr. Honley had heard of the cruel death of Mrs. Hanowan; but although he knew the vices of George, he was far from suspecting him to be the author. George had even the perfidy to appear greatly affected at the loss of a woman who, from his childhood, was prodigal of the tenderest benevolence towards him. His project was to rob his mother of her money and jewels; but he had not time enough to effect his purpose. He continued to see Mr. Honley often, who gave him, from time to time, some slight succours; and George, who suspected him to be possessed of considerable sums, conceived the dreadful design to assassinate and rob him. He knew that Mr. Honley, attacked by the gout for some time, was obliged to keep his bed. Under ptetext of being serviceable to him, he never left Mr. Honley's chamber for some days; which gave him an opportunity of learning the place where the money, and other valuable articles, were deposised. Certain of having them, he took advantage of the moment, when he was placing some bolsters under the painful feet of the sick man, to pass a handkerchief round his neck, with which he endeavoured to strangle him; but Mr. Honley, still vigorous, defended himself, and was happy enough to overturn his adversary, and keep him on the ground. The latter, furious, regained the ascendancy, and snatched up a knife, with which he gave him several stabs; but none of which were mortal. The cries of the steward attracted the servants; and you already know how George, in descending the stairs, was stopt by Jonas, seized, and delivered up into the hands of justice.

(To be concluded in our next)

The world is tired of truth, it is so plain, so obvious, so simple, and so old, it gives no pleasure.

SELECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR THE VISITOR.

APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

"DRIVE to the church," said Emilla Countess Z** to her coachman, as she stepped into the carriage. It was the eve of All Saints, and the pious Emilla wished to unburden her mind by confession. "A young and amiable woman, united to a husband who was the choice of her own heart—adored by him—already the happy mother of a charming boy—soon to produce the second pledge of nuptial love; gratefully plucking every flower which joy scattered on her path—willingly fulfilling every duty of a faithful wife and tender mother—what can such a woman have to confess? With a heart devoid of guile, and a conscience without blemish, why does she visit the chair of absolution What will she reply to the priest, if he require more than the universal declaration—"I am a miserable sinner." Thus spoke Gustavus Count Z** to himself, as he was standing at the window, and heard his Emilla's direction—"Drive to the church."—"Shall I privately follow her," continued he in his soliloquy. "Shall I conceal myself in a corner of the church, and hear the avowal of my beloved sinner? Is this curiosity?—No! Is it jealousy?—Pshaw! Well what is it then? A joke, and nothing more. I am her husband, and surely have as great a right to know her little secrets as father Anselmo. I shall rally her—she will be surprised—I shall laugh—and there the matter will end." He went. It was not far to the church. He crept into it under the cover of twilight, and approached as near to the confessor's chair as was possible without being detected. He listened attentively. Emilia spoke rather loud. This is the fragment of her confession, of which her unfortunate husband lost not a word—"*Yes, reverend father, the youth's person was lovely. For more than six months he daily passed several hours in my bed chamber, and while I was at supper with my husband, he escaped by means of my maid, through a private door. I have always concealed from his lordship my reason for dismissing this girl from my service.*"

Oh, all ye husbands! whoever of you is in possession of a beauteous wife, whom he loves with the whole fulness of his heart,

in whose arms he carelessly reposes, on whose chaste bosom he conceives himself a God, let him fancy, if it be possible, let him fancy himself in the situation of the listening Count. His first motion was with his hand upon his sword, but the idea of profaning the Almighty's temple, and of defiling his floors with blood, deterred him. He left the church; to him the grave of his repose, arrived, without knowing how, at his own house, and demanded horses. A light post-chaise was prepared. The Count left a note for his wife, in which he very laconically informed her, that business of importance obliged him to visit one of his estates, threw himself into the carriage, and fled from the place.

(To be continued.)

ANGER.

(Concluded from page 163.)

IN France they are extremely tenacious of the word *honor*; and would rather risk fifty lives, than pass an injury without resenting it by a duel, lest they should be branded with the crime of cowardice. This does not, however, proceed so much from anger, as from a false delicacy: for if a satisfactory apology can be gained, we seldom find them inflexible in revenge.

It is a general assertion, that a passionate man is generous: granted, but a generous man may be a reflecting man, and a reflecting man will be convinced that he may part with his anger without being deprived of his generosity: nay, his suppression of this baneful passion, will be considered an additional proof of a noble mind; for it is only an over-heat of temperament which generates the flames of anger, and these flames may certainly be extinguished without damping the more generous passions of the soul.

Almerius was hasty and passionate, yet firm in his attachments, and generous almost to prodigality. He contracted a friendship with Vicus, and though he was conscious of his inferiority in mental endowments, yet he thought he possessed a noble soul; in this, however, he was disappointed; he reposed confidence in one who was incapable of deserving it; he loved a man whose soul was insensible to the ecstacies of friendship, or the milder emotions of gratitude. Almerius paid his addresses to a lady of distinguished worth, who rewarded his attention with an equal return of passion: Vicus knew the lady, and taking umbrage at a slight indiscretion of Almerius's resolved to blast his future prospects: he spread a report injurious to the character of his friend, who, on a visit to the lady, was informed thereof. "well madam" cried he, starting from his his seat in wild emotion "do you believe it"—"No sir, but I thought it was just to give you this information." "It is just" exclaimed he, seizing her hand; you are right Clarinda, and, by heaven! he shall feel my justice"—He pressed her hand in a convulsed agony, and immediately left her. Without once thinking of a conveyance, his feet, propelled by passion, carried him the distance of nine miles; and had he been contending for an olympic prize, he would not have reached the goal so soon. In a fervor of mind and body, he entered the house where he expected to find a treacherous friend "where" cried he, "is this villain? this monster! this night will I satiate my revenge."—Fortune was kinder to him than he wished, Vicus had left the house about half an hour before Almerius entered. With much difficulty he was persuaded to retire to rest; but the fever of his mind was too great to permit him to close his eyes: he arose in the morning nearly as much agitated as ever; he sat down to write a challenge, but at that moment it recurred to him that he was placing himself upon a level with a scoundrel. That thought recalled his bewildered senses. "Never" said he, "will I sink so low: had Eugenius served me thus, it had been well; but that's impossible, the soul of Eugenius disdains such infamy." He endeavoured to collect himself, and soon resumed his tranquillity. He knew Vicus would present himself in the evening, but prudence whispered him to avoid an interview, and he obeyed her dictates. When his phrenzied feelings were subdued, he met him, reproached him for his villainy, exposed him to the world, established his own innocence, and ever after treated him with the contempt he deserved.

This incident of his life Almerius often mentions with peculiar pleasure. "Now" says he, "I can exclaim with Pope' 'whatever is, is right.' "Had it not been for this affair, I should never, perhaps, have known the merit of conquering my passion; but now I can congratulate myself on the easiness of my temper. I can meet the little ruffling occurrences of life with calmness though not with apathy; for though I have suppressed my turbulent feelings, I have not destroyed my sensibility: I can feel the glowing emotions of love, the blissful ecstacies of friendship, and the soft sympathies of distress, in their fullest force. In that I enjoy every pleasing consolation of the soul, without those harsh discordant vibration, which grate upon the strings of passion. When we struggle with vice, we generally prove victorious; and should we be successful in our first attempt, a second, or a third, may enable us to bear away the palm." If we believe in the immortality of the soul, and that none but a few unsettled sceptics of the day will attempt to dispute, we must be aware, that a spirit ruffled by the turbulence of passion cannot be a fit inhabitant of those regions, where naught but immaculate purity can reside; we must be convinced that the spark of ethereal fire, inhaled from the divine author of our being, if enveloped by the clouds of passion, can never shine forth with that bright effulgence intended by its creator; and we must be assured, that the human soul, if sullied by the dark stains of malevolence and revenge, can never be a companion of those pure spirits whose sole employment is the praise of our Universal Parent.

I do not contend with the perfections of the present day, that there is a possibility of preserving the human mind from every inroad of crime; but, by endeavouring to suppress vice, we practise virtue; and by practising virtue to the extent of our power, we have some pretensions to the mercy of that being whose goodness reacheth "even to the ends of the earth."

CRUELTY OF THE SPANIARDS TO THE SOUTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

Let the reader, says Mr. Bryan Edwards, judge of *Las Casas* from the following narrative, in which his falsehood (if the story were false) could have been easily detected. "I beheld four or five principal Indians roasted alive at a slow fire, and as the miserable victims poured forth dreadful screams, which disturbed the commanding officer in his afternoon slumbers, he sent word that they should be strangled, but the officer on guard (I know his name, and his relations in Se-

ville, says he) would not suffer it, but causing their mouths to be gagged, he stirred up the fire with his own hand, and roasted them deliberately till they expired!—*I saw it myself.*"—"Who, on reading this," says Edwards, "can help forming an indignant wish that the hand of Heaven had swept these European tyrants from the face of the earth."

[*History of the West Indies.*]

VISITING.

In polite visiting it seems an implied contract that the parties shall not meet. A very fine lady, at stated times, sends round her empty chair, attended by her footman, to leave her cards at the houses of those who stand on her visiting list: they, in their turn, repay her in like coin, both, on those accasions, order their servants to deny them; that is, to say they are not at home; a circumstance so usual, that an innocent country boy, servant to an eminent taylor, who had beed chid for telling truth in going to the door, would not answer whether his mistress was at home or not, till he had asked her.

When a fine lady gives a route, and has assembled a multitude of persons, whose coaches and chairs block up the street, it is then that she takes an opportunity of visiting her friends. This she does to shew her superiority to vulgar customs, as low-bread people have the foolish notion that, when they have invited company, it is necessary to stay at home to entertain them. Indeed, as at a polite route there are generally more persons than can be properly noticed by the lady, it is best to speak to none.

Among inferior persons, routes and card parties are meetings for the benefit of the mistress of the house, who, out of the card money, not only repays all her expences, but also puts something considerable in her pocket. It is inconceivable how low this practice of giving routes descends—I have known a lady living up two pair of stairs in a lodging, have routes weekly, at which she has had more than thirty people, in a couple of rooms, each about twelve feet square, and one of them somewhat incumbered with a bed.

Genius is a sun, the diversity of whose rays render luminous and fruitful, without grudging, and without partiality.

HAPPINESS.

A Fragment.

****THE scenes of my life have been sad," said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters, which bounded his prospect—"The scenes of my life have been sad," repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past, again struck in his soul—"I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the gallies in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groaned as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and, lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!"—The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind. The sun was just casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with the bright streaks of vermillion and gold. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the ear—all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky-lark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquillized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around—The balm of peace descended upon his soul—He looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret—It was too late to begin life anew; and, after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a sweet, and an uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he arose refreshed.——Beneath the wide-spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut—His meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage. Every evening beheld him sinking peaceably to repose on his bed of leaves; and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful.—In a short time he discovered that he was happy—The discovery astonished him. He was isolated—an outcast—depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, by a cabin, over which the den of the wild beast possessed many advantages.—Under such circumstances, that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible.—After musing for some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition; and that the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is *Contentment*.

CRITICISM ON SHAKSPEARE.

"————she never told her love,
"But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
"Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
"*And with a green and yellow melancholy,*
"She sat like *Patience* on a monument
"Smiling at grief.————

HOW justly celebrated are these lines! and let me observe, that they prove a certain elegance of thought, a certain delicate tenderness, for which Shakespeare has not, I think, been generally celebrated. Nothing, surely, can be more sentimental! but yet I must venture at an objection, where all the world seems hitherto only to have approved. Is there not something of a faulty image, something of a displeasing idea, conveyed in that "*green and yellow melancholy?*" It may, indeed, represent sickness, and such sickness as was produced by the delicate love Shakespeare describes; but yet, methinks, he rather lessens than increases our compassionate concern, by telling us so expressly, that the countenance of the sufferer was tinged with *green and yellow*. I fear it is natural for us to pity, not in exact proportion to feminine distress, but in proportion as we are struck with the beauty of the sufferer; and that our pity is always comparatively weak, when we are disgusted with the object. This hue of countenance necessarily disgusts, and the idea of it is therefore incongruous to that tender, [illegible] almost amorous concern, which the rest of the picture so forcibly excites. I speak, however, with the utmost deferrence to the genius of Shakespeare and the public judgment, by which

this passage has been not only approved, but admired.

KEEN RETALIATION.

A YOUNG gentleman, who had quarrelled with a lady to whom he had paid his addresses, was so imprudent as to threaten, that he would publish the letters she had written him. "That," she replied, "would be really vexatious; for though I need not be ashamed of their *contents*, I certainly ought to be ashamed of their *directions*!"

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

THOUGHTS ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Return, sweet spring, and robe the earth with green,
To murmuring sounds arouse each purling stream;
Revive the foilage thro' the woodland bowers,
Give life to plants, and deck the meads with flowers:
Inspire the warbling songsters of the grove
With artless harmony, and songs of love.
Perfume the air, ye gales of mildest wing,
And waft along the odours of the spring.
Sweet season hail! thy animating voice,
Makes forests smile, and every field rejoice.
But canst thou from the silent tomb restore
To mourning friendship, joys possess'd no more?
Ah, no! vain thought! Alas! no piercing ray,
Lights those dark realms, or warms the insensate clay.
There sleeps Amanda! whom the graces mourn,
While weeping virtue guards around her urn.
And must my heart, dear friend of earliest choice,
No more respond to thy endearing voice?
Shall I no more, when comes the twilight grey,
With thee explore the green-grove's winding way?
No more thy converse cheer the ling'ring hours,
In blooming garden's hedg'd with various flowers!
To me, where late the verdant meadows smil'd,
Appears a desert, and a dreary wild.
Ah, Death! thy hand hath crop'd the fairest flower,
That shed its sweetest rays in beauty's bower.
But hush my plaints! my sighs, and tears are vain,
My loss, though great, is her eternal gain.

Long-Island. EMMELINE.

ON JUDGING OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

PEOPLE in general would know how a man talks, to judge of his understanding, and yet possibly, however great the paradox, the contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he hears might shew it you much better: there is a kind of mechanical flow belonging to a man's conversation, which, when *put in motion*, goes perhaps roundly, and ingeniously, and yet seems, sometimes, less the operation of reason than habit: he may at the same time be destitute of the faculty of dividing, weighing, distinguishing, and judging: *hearing*, then, may, perhaps, be more the test of sense than *speaking*.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1806.

LONDON FASHIONS
For February.

The Circassian turban is the *haut ton* at this moment. Nothing can be more beautiful and becoming; it is composed of white and *cerise*, richly ornamented with silver, and has Oriental plumes in in front. The shawl turbans have made their appearance, but are too heavy and unbecoming to succeed those of white satin. Muslin, Imperial, &c &c are far superior, many of which are ornamented with steel, patent pearls, silver or gold.

The Trafalgar dress hat, which some degree resembles a cap, is so new and uncommon that it is likely to have a long reign. Dress hats of every kind are much worn in every colour, but most elegant in white, morone, or *cerise*, with one or more ostrich feathers. Tiaras are still much the fashion, and bandeaus of all kinds. Beads mixed with hair, are considered quite *mauvais ton*. White and coloured satin caps mixed with lace, for undress, are newer than those of muslin and lace. Velvet caps, richly ornamented with gold and silver for dress; the same in undress without ornaments.

Crape and Satin dresses, richly embossed in white, or coloured velvets, are most elegant for full dress; also Imperials, lenoes, and every kind of thin muslin.

Morning dresses, of every description, are still the same; high in the neck, with collars, and long sleeves. No trains, but trimmed round the bottom; shawls, and other coloured dresses, are only proper for elderly ladies.

Black and coloured velvet pelisses are yet general and trimmed either with fur or lace; spencers seem going entirely out of fashion.

Chin chelly muffs and tippets are most prevalent for undress; and swansdown for full dress.

Velvet hats and bonnets, in black and coloured, are most prevailing for mourning. We hardly consider the fur, hat worth mentioning, though it certainly is a little worn. The choice of colours seem more the effect of fancy than fashion.

Cure for the bite of a Mad-Dog.

"The following is an account and prescription of the remedy and cure for the hydrophobia or canine madness, made by John M. Crous, in conformity to an act of the legislature of the state of new York, passed at their present session, viz.

"1st. Take one ounce of the jaw bone of a dog, burned and pulverized, or pounded to fine dust.

"2dly. Take the false tongue of a newly foaled colt; let that be also dried and pulverized—and

"3dly. Take one scruple of the verdigrease, which is raised on the surface of old copper, by laying in moist earth; the coppers of George I. or II. are the purest and best. Mix these ingredients together, and if the patient be an adult or full grown, take one common tea-spoon full a day, and so in proportion for a child according to its age. In one hour after, take the filings of the one half of a copper of the above kind, if to be had; if not, then a small increased quantity of any baser metal of the kind—this to be taken in a small quantity of water.

"The next morning fasting (or before eating) repeat the same as before. This if complied with after the biting of the dog, and before symptoms of madness, will effectually prevent any appearance of the disorder; but if after the symptoms shall appear, a physician must immediately be applied to administer the following, viz.

"*Three* drams of the verdigrease of the kind before mentioned, mixt with half an ounce of calomel to be taken at one dose. This quantity the physician need not fear to administer, as the reaction of

of the venom then diffused through the whole system of the patient naturalizes considerably the powerful quality of the medicine—and

"Secondly, if in four hours thereafter the patient is not completely relieved, administer four grains of pure opium, or one hundred and twenty drops of liquid laudanum.

"N. B. The patient must be careful to avoid the use of milk for several days after taking any of the aforegoing medicine.

"JOHN M. CROUS.

"*Albany*, ss. John M. Crous, being duly sworn, deposeth, that the above account and prescription for the remedy and cure for the hydrophobia or canine madness, is a just and true account and prescription, and the only one used and practised upon by himself for more than 20 year past, and which has never failed of perfect success in any instance of the vast number of unfortunate human beings who have been bitten by the mad dog, and who have applied to him, the deponent for relief.

"JOHN M. CROUS.

"Sworn the 24th day of March, 1806, before me James Kent, Chief Justice, &c.

"Mem.—The word *three* in the last line of the first page written before an erasure, and then sworn to.

Given under my hand, at Albany, the 25th day of March, 1806.

ELISHA JENKINS, comptroller.

☞ The several printers in this state are requested to republish the foregoing in their respective newspapers.

From the Kingston (Jam.) Royal Gazzett.

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN, I request you will have the goodness to insert the following extraordinary occurrence in the Royal Gazette; it may possibly lead to some important discovery. With great respect I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant, W. W.

Greenwitch Park, St Ann, Jan. 22, 1806.

"A few days ago it was mentioned to me, in the shape of complaint, that there was a wild white man resident in the woods of this property, who had interrupted the negroes in working their provision grounds &c. Upon inquiry, I found his residence in the woods had not been a secret; but some late outrages which he had committed prompted the sufferers to complain. It appeared that he occasionally molested the women, but always ran from the men. Upon this information I sent out a party, with a guide who knew his haunts. The party, divided, with a view of surrounding his hut; and, in the deepest recesses of the woods they saw him sitting on the point of a rock. He fled, but after a short pursuit was overtaken, and brought hither. His appearance excited horror. He was naked, save the scanty remains of a doublet; his beard had attained the utmost point of its growth; his feet and hands were callous as leather; his skin was discoloured with filth; and altogether, he exhibited the most humiliating object that monkish debasement could furnish. When first taken he affected dumbness, but afterwards I obtained from him the following particulars: His name is Charles Martin, is an Italian, born at Florence, thinks he has been two or three years in the woods; he entered them at Port Maria (thirty miles distant from this place;) in that time never saw a white face nor a human habitation; had enjoyed perfect health. When he was asked why he abandoned society, he shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up his hands as if in the act of adoration. When a cordial was given to him he was cautioned not to drink much, as excess would kill him: He replied, "*Death to me is welcome!*" He was clothed, fed, and encouraged; and the writer of this retired to recommend him as a fit object for the hospital. In a minute afterwards he was told that the wild man had escaped. It seems he had watched for an opportunity of being unobserved, when he seized his victuals, and ran with amazing celerity towards the woods. The dogs were alarmed, and pursued him; as they approached, he threw down pieces of meat to stay them: When he found his efforts to escape unavailing, he stopped sudddenly and ran to his pursuers. When he was expostulated with on his want of confidence, after the kind treatement he had met with, he shook his head, sighed deeply, and said, "*Man is my enemy; I am afraid!*" His intellects appear to be sound, although he speaks with great reluctance: He is well made, has blue eyes, is in stature about five feet eight inches. His hut is fashioned much like an Indian wigwarm, and he has contrived a subterraneous kitchen with great ingenuity: His habitation was surrounded with springs to catch birds, one of which he had prepared for his breakfast. He had displayed talent in fabricating divers sorts of baskets; and, what is strange no iron, not even a kife, was found in his possession."

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PARIS. Often in the same house, in the Palais Royal, on the first floor there is a gaming table, at which the visitors may lose their fortunes; on the second a reception of women, in which he may destroy his health; in the entresal or little room, between the two floors, a pawn brokers shop, in which, for serious interest, he may supply himself with the means of losing both the one and the other; and, on the ground floor, is a gunsmith's, who sells pistols, with one of which, when beset on all sides, and arrived at the end of his career, he may pu an end to all his troubles!

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Our city inspector reports the death of 55 persons (of whom 11 were men, 15 women, 13 boys, and 15 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of asthma 1, casualty 1 (a child aged 3 years who died in consequence of a burn) child bed 1, cold 1, consumption 11 (5 men, 5 women and 1 child; the men aged 23, 32, 44, 52 and 56; the women 26, 27, 29, 30 and 33; and the child 3 years) convulsions 6, decay 2, diarrhæa 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 2, nervous fever 2, hanged 1 (Francisco Son pursuant to his sentance, for the murder of Archibald Graham in June last) hives 6, insanity 1, mortification of the bowels 1, old age 3, scrofula 1, scurvy 1, sprue 1, teething 4, whooping cough 3, and 1 of worms.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
"Of human offspring."
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
"His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
"Reigns here and revels;"

MARRIED,

On Thursday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr Lyell, Mr. Aaron Day, of New Jersey, to the amiable Miss Ann Duffell, of this place.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. James [illegible]land, to Mrs. Belding, widow of the late Charles S. Belding deceased.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr James Flanagan, Bookseller and Stationer, to the amiable Miss Eliza M. M'Kean, of Haerlem.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. John Telfair, to Miss Catharine Wool, daughter of the late Capt. Isaiah Wool, all of his city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Thomas Hodgkinson, to Miss Hannah M. Huestin, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Cyrenus H. Beers, to Miss Margaret Van Antwerp, eldest daughter of Mr. Daniel Van Antwerp, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. G. Seixas, Benjamin Hart, merchant of Three Rivers, Lower Canada, to Miss Harriot J. Hart, only daughter of Ephraim Hart, Esq. of this city.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Hugh Auchincloss, of New-York, merchant, to Miss Ann A. Stuart, daughter of Mr James Stuart, of that city.

THEATRE,——PARK.

TO SHEW
THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIME, ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

EASTER-MONDAY EVENING,
April, 7th.

Will be presented a Melo-Drama in three acts, called

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

King of France	Mr. Tyler.
Valentine (a foundling)	Mr. Robinson.
Orson (a wild man)	Mr. Young.
Princess Eglantine	Mrs. Johnson.

To which will be added the comic-opera of,

THE WATERMAN;
OR, THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Tom Tug	Mr. Tyler.
Robin	——Martin,
Wilhelmina	Mrs. Jones.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nassau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medecine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

" Gentlemen,

" I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

" ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
" No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MING'S, No. 102, Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving ..with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

G. THRESHER,

FROM LONDON.

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened an Academy at no. 16 Chamber-street, where he teaches

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL WRITING,

IN the *first stile of elegance.* Also, Accounts, English grammar, painting, and drawing. Particular attention will be paid to the improvement of his pupils.

ATTENTION WILL BE PAID ALSO, TO young ladies or gentlemen who may wish to be instructed at the dwelling of their respective parents.

March 1.

Selected for the Weekly Visitor.

THE MONODY OF CAROLAN,

THE IRISH BARD;

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[*Translated from the old Irish.*]

WERE mine the choice of intellectual fame,
Of spelful song, and eloquence divine,
Painting's sweet power, Philosophy's pure flame,
And Homer's lyre, and Ossian's harp were mine;
The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
In MARY lost, would lose their wonted grace,
All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
Again to fold her in my fond embrace.

Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief,
Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow,
In vain! I rest not---sleep brings no relief:
Cheerless, companionless, I wake to woe.
Nor birth, nor beauty, shall again allure,
Nor fortune win me to another bride:
Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
Till death restore me to my dear one's side.

Once ev'ry thought, and every scene was gay,
Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employ'd
Now doom'd to mourn my last sad years away:
My life a solitude! my heart a void!
Alas, the change! to change again no more!
For every comfort is with MARY fled;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

Adieu each gift of Nature and of Art,
That hast adorn'd me in life's early prime,
The cloudless temper, and the social heart,
The soul ethereal, and the flight sublime!
Thy loss, my MARY chac'd them from my breast,
Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more:
Thy muse deserts an heart with grief oppress,
And lost is ev'ry joy that charm'd before!

Friendship is a compound of esteem and love; it derives from one its tenderness, and its permanence from the other.

THE UNREFLECTING FEMALE.

PENSIVE and sad, the helpless maiden flies,
Expell'd, and driven from her native home,
To bear the stormy conflict of the skies,
And, midst the darkness of the night, to roam
Full many a look, her eyes suffus'd with tears,
Full many a sigh her mind distracted, sends;
And, victim to her penitence and fears,
Laments the forfeit of her kinred friends.

Ah! why provoke, by passion, and by strife,
A fate so wretched so forlorn as this!
Why thus imbitter all the goods of life,
Renounce thy comforts, and forego thy bliss?
Too late the heart repents, when shame and grief,
Combine their force, and shut out all relief.

MADRIGAL.

TO MISS M——H.

BLUE-EYED charmer, freely give
To my prayer one balmy kiss;
Happy were I, might I live
On thy bosom lost in bliss.

While upon thy form I gaze,
Never more I'd quit the place;
There entrance'd I'd spend my days,
Fondly gazing on thy face.

While I view thy matchless charms,
Doting age may danger spy;
Yet, if Death's within thy arms,
There how gladly would I *die*!

LAURA'S TEAR.

WHY weeps yon lovely fair one—say?
Explain the tear that flows;
Perhaps she mourns her love away,
Or weeps for others' woes.

The tear of pity graceful streams,
Nor less the tear of love;
The tear of sorrow sacred seems,
That falls for friends above.

Alas! the tear that Laura sheds,
From sad remorse doth rise;
Remorse, which all reflection dreads,
A worm that never dies.

Seduc'd, deserted, and forlorn,
What grief can her's exceed?—
For woes like these the heart must mourn,
The soften'd soul must bleed!

A Parisian buck, wears a starched square of guaze, instead of a muslin neck-cloth; thus his cravat is starched, the two ends of his shirt that ascend on his cheeks, are starched, the frill is starched, and all, except the *petit-maitre*, for whom also the *laisse-aller* and indifferent manners are as requisite as the stiffness of his neck-handkerchief.

A lounger, in his new-fashioned buggy, resembles a Triton, or Sea-God in his car. The lady at his side, with her shoulders uncovered, her hair hanging over them, and one end of her shawl flying in the air, resembles Venus, who was said to be born *almost* naked; and the *belle* and *beau* drive as fast as the wind, and it may be justly said that Boreas delights in assisting in their gondola.

CHARACTER OF A TERMIGANT.

"She speaks poignards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed. She would have made Herculus have turned spit: yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Should she come this way, will you command me any service to the world's end? I would go on the slightest errand to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on. I will fetch you a toothpicker from the furtherest inch in Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words of conferrence with the harpy."

Shakespeare.

HE that pursues fame with just claims trust his happiness to the winds, but he that endeavours after it by a false show of merit, has to fear not only the violence of the storms but the leaks of his vessel.

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